Love me rough and make me fly

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by MeilinHuashi23

Summary

Will has an abnormality.

He can't smell pheromones at all. It has led to him avoiding alphas like the plague for all his life.

But when a sudden invitation into the crime scenes of the FBI lands on his lap, he takes it but does not expect to get an alpha who's adamant on courting him despite his abnormality along the way.

Or, Hannibal grovelling for Will since he can't pull his little alpha scent stunt on him.

Notes

The views of Jack Crawford are his period-typical sexist views and do not align with mine. If he angers you, consider a job well done on my side.

Hope you enjoy this!

Gardenias

Jack Crawford entered the lecture hall in Quantico, intent on talking to a certain infamous professor. His nostrils flared as a sweet scent filled his senses, it was faint but for alphas like him, it was certainly detectable. How could omegas even be FBI trainees? He caught himself thinking for a moment.

Omegas were generally not approved to work in any field work. The scent of angry and intense alpha pheromones would be able to put any normal, healthy omega in distress.

When he came into the classroom. He was expecting a meek, neutral beta. Whose only scent would be clinical, white-washed walls; the universal scent of all betas. Instead, he stopped momentarily as waves of gardenia, soft vanilla along undertones of sandalwood hit his nose. It had a tremendously calming effect on him, an alpha known to be hot-headed and too intense for omegas.

And instead of an ordinary beta, there stood a short, lanky omega with brown curls delicately framing his face, and dark glasses perched on top of a sloping nose. The light provided him with a sort of halo, making him look nothing short of an angel. He seemed to be busy talking to an alpha who was seemingly a trainee asking questions after class. It was obvious that he wasn't the only one feeling the almost-holy effect. Wondrous creatures, Omegas. He almost forgot how calming they could be when not in distress.

Jack shook away these thoughts, he had a lovely beta wife waiting at home for him. Omegas were immediately put off by his intense scent almost all the time. This one would be no different, he told himself. He walked to the unsuspecting omega in long strides. Doubts were already forming in his head as he wondered how an omega could stand strong and teach a *classroom* full of alphas, undoubtedly in their prime. He got closer to the omega who started to pack his bags after the alpha trainee too started to walk away, almost reluctant in his strides. Jack found himself unable to take his eyes away from the glimmering pretty thing that was–

"Mr. Graham," He said to the flighty thing who started to speed up just a little bit more. Was he afraid? Jack couldn't tell by his scent which remained unchanged. "Special agent Jack Crawford, head of the behavioural science unit."

Will took the hand offered to him, his handshake wasn't firm but pliant. Jack visibly relaxed as the gardenia scent enveloped his space like a gentle, warming hug.

“Have we met?” Will said to him, looking in his general direction but never in the eyes. He was undoubtedly an omega, a small one at that but his clothes were of a beta male. It puzzled Jack why this lovely omega didn't want to wear omegan clothing when he made no effort to hide his scent.

“We have met now,” Jack says, good-heartedly. He's not using the soft voice that all agents are trained to use when dealing with omegas. He's using the soft alpha rumble specially reserved for his pups when they become relaxed enough. Something that even Bella couldn't easily bring out in him.

“I have heard so much of you, Mr. Graham” The alpha tried a different approach when Will didn't look convinced. The skittish thing glared at his tie with an intense concentration.

Oh.

“So where do you fall on the spectrum, Will?” His alpha rumble is especially gentle to ask this probing question. The omega looked away, finally closing his briefcase.

“Closer to autistics than sociopaths and narcissists,” Will said, tightly strung out from the interaction. The skittish omega only seemed more endearing to the older alpha. He moved to walk away from Jack who was positively towering over him. Jack easily stopped him with just a slight change in the angling of his body.

“But you can empathize with said sociopaths and narcissists?” Jack asked, hopeful. Will's scent soured a bit by his annoyance but the new spice only spurred him on. What an unusual omega. Usually, they tried to subdue their reactions given so easily by their scents through training but this peculiar skittish creature didn't even bother to tinge it down a bit.

“I can empathize with anybody. It's less to do with a personality disorder than an active imagination.” The omega says curtly, his glasses have now slid off a bit down that sloping

nose to give Jack a perfect opening. He leans in, a bit close to being considered friendly and does not raise his hands yet.

“May I?” Will looks confused for a second and then nods, barely visible. Jack hovers his hand over the perfect face and adjusts the plastic glasses back to make Will meet his eyes for once. He is met with a pretty, intense blue gaze.

“Can I borrow that imagination of yours, Will?” He asks slowly, trying to not make it obvious that he used an alpha command on this innocent omega. He awaits the instant submission and is instead met with an almost bored expression. Confusion fills his mind as Will backs away, almost tentative in his steps.

“I'm not suited for fieldwork, and aside from the biological screening, I also didn't pass the psychological screening.” Will states calmly or as calmly as a fidgety creature like him can sound.

“It is *mostly* consulting and any field work you will do will be accompanied by me.” Jack steps forward, trying to convince the omega to ease into the idea. “I did my homework, Will. I've read your assessment carefully. Don't think so hard, it might hurt that pretty head of yours.” Jack says but instantly winces as those words come out of his mouth, knowing how patronising they sound. But the damage is done as Will closes the gap between them. It was almost like whiplash how that small, fidgety creature could turn so fiery and *dominant* in just a second.

“If you've done your homework then you should know that my…disability poses dangers to doing fieldwork. Dangers that you certainly won't want to be held accountable for risking it with *me* .” Will says softly but the words strike him all the same. He almost berates himself for forgetting who he was actually dealing with. *Cumma laude* , in a practically all-alpha college and the highest-rated homicide detective across Virginia and some other states.

He takes in the scent of blooming gardenia and realises that none of his pheromones affected the scent as it did with other omegas he's met in the past which was concerning since it wasn't only a submission tactic for alphas to use but also a survival mechanism in omegas. *Disability* , Jack almost catches himself groaning at how stupid he had been. He almost pities the omega, unaware and truly defenceless in terms of biology. Putting him in fieldwork would make him susceptible to any alpha attacks that happened so frequently in the scene. And it also meant that since Will couldn't sense it coming, he would most likely fall prey to

it. Jack couldn't take that risk for the sake of his career and a little due to the soft spot he's harboured for the young omega.

“Well, I already got approval stamped from HR. Any risks that I take will be accountable to my person.” Jack offers. His voice gets softer and more gentle as he deals with the young omega now completely in his care. Will huffs and looks away, pensive. No doubt, the gears in his mind are turning and working, in a way he'll never really comprehend.

“Can I refuse to do so?” Will asks but his tone tells him that he already knows the answer to that question. Jack sighs and shakes his head.

Will sulks, looking like five years have been sucked out of his lifespan.

Jack knows the gravity of his actions and knows that he has been practically scenting Will. He doesn't think himself to be bad since Will's presence is already doing wonders for his cases. It also helps that his team members are visibly elated to accept Will into the fold. Provided that they keep their distance and try not to whiff him every time he joins a meeting.

Jack knows that he is unconsciously seeking Will out. Taking him everywhere with him. The omega manages to always crack the tension that occurs often in the lab since the team members are all alphas. His face was a sight for sore eyes on hard days. Jack knows that he is exploiting the unsuspecting omega but the moral argument gets lost when soft spices of gardenia replace the decaying scent of bodies and sour tinges of alphas. His brilliant mind procured answers that were a soothing balm on all the confusion created by the ripper case. For now, Jack wouldn't pull too hard and hoped that Will wouldn't catch on.

But some of him was scared that even if Will found out, he wouldn't be able to stop.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took Will one hot summer night and a bottle of aspirin to find out the ‘defining’ moment of his secondary gender.

It was mid-april so summer hadn't taken its full raging hellfire toll that it usually took during the actual summer months. The real summer months, the ones that everyone could agree upon that they were the only ones fully capable of bringing out the fire, the sweat and the recognition in people that yes, summer has finally arrived. Maybe he was being dramatic, maybe not.

His first heat took place in april, a faux-warmth spread in his body that made molasses stick in his throat. His first heat took place in spring, the onset of summer. Pa promised, with all his awkwardness of not fully knowing omegan biology, that his summer would arrive. That the fire had just been lit and ‘*you just gon’ have to wait it out, boy.’*

Summer never came for Will Graham. He was still stuck in that sweet but muted spring. All his peers, alpha and omega, had gone through the sweltering heat of summer that ignited passion Will could only imagine vaguely. Heat never made that pure, sweet ‘carnal’ desire flood through his veins. It just made him a tad hornier and more lethargic on the side. The cherry on top was the pure embarrassment he felt when he would be so untuned to his own cycle, which was normal for his ‘abnormality’, that he had multiple alpha friends point it out to him. Their faces would burn with second hand embarrassment for him and gazed anywhere but his eyes. To spare him the gaze of shame. He would burn back, of course and that was the most intimate moment he shared with an alpha. Laughable. He would genially decline their offers of ‘helping’ him during this period, out of courtesy because if any of them tried to mark him during the lethargic haze that his heats often brought, he wouldn't be able to nudge them away from his mating gland. Wouldn't be able to protect himself, a simple omegan instinct that the sweet lord above never granted him.

Will has never felt intimidated in an instinctual way when he entered a room full of alphas. To him, they were just larger, more competitive betas. It was a natural consequence of his absent smell glands, and one of the rarer, fewer virtues provided by his vice. All of that is true, provided that the said alphas weren't outright glaring at him. Alpha, beta or omega, having five people glare at you when you just entered a room would put off anybody. He spotted Jack Crawford, the pushy but efficient alpha he met a few days ago. The only thing that calmed him down was the thought that he would still have his dogs waiting for him when

he came back home. His pa might even call, the rare times when he happened to be drinking and in a good mood.

“Will, this is my team,” He said warmly to him, Jack was friendly to him at times and that made him just a bit less unbearable. Just a *bit* less, he tried to avoid the patronizing arm slinging around his shoulders or to dodge being pushed with Jack presenting him like a *good little omega*. The alpha was well-meaning but he was so patronizing that it almost hurt. Will took in the new faces with a trained smile, carefully avoiding their prying gazes. He could see a man with brown hair gawk at him in the periphery of his gaze and then frown. How fun. At Least, Jack introduced them to him first though it made him and Jack seem closer than they actually were and closer than Will wanted them to be.

“Team, this is Professor Will Graham, he is going to assist us on some of the cases.” Most of them awkwardly nodded in acknowledgement , seemingly unused to the prospect of having a certain omegan element to, what used to be, an exclusive alpha space. It didn't unnerve him necessarily, just extra socialization.

“Alright, back to work!”

_____

Will knew that he was easy on the eyes. A saving grace for his ‘abnormality'. He just never took it upon himself to make himself look more attractive. His teenage years were spent with him staying up all night writing essays or running to his AP classes. He’s been asked out a couple of times but not enough to make himself suddenly believe that he was attractive enough for that kind of attention. Part of it may be the reason that he had a lot of alpha friends due to the nature of his classes and the dwindling omega population. He would be mistaken a lot of times to be taken when it was just his friends and naturally chase away any suitors. Now that he’s older, it doesn’t mean that he’s any prettier. Wiser? Sure. But he didn’t magically develop good self care habits.

His Pa called him last night, a rare thing. Something about his instincts going off. Will brushed it off casually, not mentioning the fact that he had almost been jumped by an alpha on the crime scene and witnessed his boss almost kill somebody. It reminded him that even if Jack seemed friendly enough, he was an alpha. Dominating and *fully* capable of aggression, though Will hoped that it was prejudiced judgement on his part since he didn’t want to place Bevelry or his father in the same box as Jack Crawford. The man had a wife, a wonderful and

accomplished beta. Betas make up the majority of Will's close knit circle. Will didn't feel so alone in his lack of instinctual awareness. He couldn't smell them nor could they smell him. Alphas, omegas or betas weren't so different to him but to some parts of the population, it sure made one hell of a difference. He wasn't interested in giving Jack whatever it is he wants because he doesn't want to take part in adultery. His Pa taught him better than that.

Dr. Lecter is a handsome alpha, that he won't lie. But being in presence makes something in Will's gut tremble with discomfort. Surely because the good doctor is so patronizing that it almost makes him prefer the presence of Jack Crawford. Aside from their therapy sessions, he treated Will like he was incapable of doing even the most basic things. Alphas normally don't take omegas as wives, they take them like a pet. Dr. Lecter might be better than the rest of the bunch, but a diamond studded collar is still a collar.

That is why the said good doctor suddenly spawned on his motel doorstep at seven in the morning. Will yawns tiredly as he quickly fumbles to put a robe on his tired form. Padding softly across the room, he peeks through the peephole to find familiar blond hair and maroon eyes that melted a bit too fondly for his liking. Will reluctantly opens the door and the first thing he notices are the boxes and flowers in his psychiatrist's hand. It's common for Dr. Lecter to do stunts like this out of the blue, chivalry or his good old-fashioned European values.

"Good morning, Will." The good doctor says, his eyes raking over Will's slight and omegan form. Will focuses to glare up at his shoulders, clad in an expensive cashmere sweater, no doubt.

"May I come in?" The alpha says. Will hesitates for a moment, making Hannibal breath bated in anticipation. Will subtly nods and lets the doctor in. Their height difference is glaring. Will is now sharply aware of the fact that Dr. lecter could absolutely snap Will like a twig if he wanted to. But Will would fight back before the upending snap, say words that would leave dents in his heart. That was what he was best for, after all.

They eat breakfast in silence as Will tries to fight the heavy slump over his body after waking up, a common trait among omegas. Hannibal, having experiences as a medical doctor, is unsurprisingly accommodating and offers him warm milk instead of coffee. Will relaxes into his company as he slowly begins to return to the world after his sleep induced stupor.

“---Uncle Jack sees you as fine China, brought out only for special occasions,” Will blinks and realizes that Hannibal had started talking a few minutes ago. He groans internally and puts on his best deadpan expression as the rakish alpha before him watches in amusement. Will would rather split the earthly world into two and jump into the melting core rather than deal with *another* patronizing alpha early in the morning.

“...Is there at least one metaphor that doesn't compare me to an object when discussing my relationship with my boss?” Will asks, surprising himself with how clear his voice sounded, even to his own ears.

“I'm afraid, I can only see things as they are.” Hannibal doesn't really seem like the type of alpha to hold prejudice against his gentler counterparts. But Will doesn't give him the satisfaction of a response and continues to gingerly sip his warm milk.

“Me and Jack have a certain…disparity in our dynamic, but considering that he is my boss, that is to be expected.” Will concedes to Hannibal, who looks at him too eagerly. *The finest bachelor amongst the horde.* Will tries to remind himself that someone like him wouldn't go for omegas like Will, for his comfort or reassurance, he doesn't know. Hannibal's already dark maroon eyes seemed pitch black as his pupils dilated.

“Not one you'd like to attribute to your biology?” Hannibal asks deceptively. Will sighs and leans back on his chair, too tired for someone who has just woken up.

“Just keep it professional,” Will bites back. Hannibal smiled at the excitement as well as the danger brought by the sudden spike in Will’s scent, making his already heady, intoxicating scent bloom into something that can only be described as *mouthwatering*. The small omega before him watches warily of him, oblivious to the effect he has on Hannibal and Hannibal bathes in his all wary, but watchful nonetheless, gaze.

“Or we could socialize like proper adults.” Will stares at him, or more accurately, at his forehead. He gets up suddenly. Hannibal has to look away to not catch the sudden display of skin. Soft, supple skin. He shouldn’t. Not like this. “I’m going to go take a shower,” Will says and walks off. Hannibal stares at his own hands, positively dazed.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal getting the Will Graham effect™ for the first time and he looks like a man getting a divine revelation for the first time. Second coming of Jesus for Hannibal, I suppose 😭

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